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Title: What The Moon Brings

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I hate the moon-I am  
afraid of it-for when it  
shines on certain scenes  
familiar&loved it some-  
times makes them un-  
familiar&hideous.It was in  
the spectral summer when  
the moon shone down on  
the old garden where I  
wandered; the spectral  
summer of narcotic  
flowers&humid seas of  
foliage that bring wild  
&many coloured dreams.  
And as I walked by the  
shallow crystal stream I  
saw unwonted ripples  
tipped with yellow light,as  
if those placid waters  
were drawn on in resist-  
less currents to strange  
oceans that are not in  
the world.Silent&spark-  
ling,bright&baleful,those  
moon-cursed waters hur-  
ried I knew not whither;  
whilst from the embow-  
ered banks white lotos  
-blossoms fluttered one  
by one in the stream,  
swirling away horribly  
under the arched,carven  
bridge,&staring back  
with the sinister resign-  
ation of calm,dead faces.  
And as I ran along the  
shore,crushing sleeping  
flowers with heedless  
feet&maddened ever by  
the fear of unknown  
things&the lure of the  
dead faces,I saw that the  
garden had no end under  
that moon;for where by  
day the walls were,there  
stretched now only new  
vistas of trees&paths,  
flowers&shrubs,stone

idols&pagodas,&bendings of  
the yellow-litten stream  
past grassy banks&under  
grotesque bridges of mar-  
-ble.And the lips of the  
dead lotos-faces whispered  
sadly,&bade me follow,nor  
did I cease my steps till  
the stream became a  
river,&joined amidst  
marshes of swaying reeds  
&beaches of gleaming  
sand the shore of a vast  
&nameless sea.Upon the  
sea the hateful moon  
shone,&over its unvocal  
waves weird perfumes  
breeded.And as I saw  
therein the lotos-faces  
vanish,I longed for nets  
that I might capture  
them&from them the  
secrets which the moon  
had brought upon the  
night. But when that  
moon went over to the  
west&the still tide ebbed  
from the sullen shore,I  
saw in that light old  
spires that the waves  
almost uncovered,&white  
columns gay with festoons  
of green seaweed.And  
knowing that to this  
sunken place all the dead  
had come,I trembled&did  
not wish again to speak  
with the lotos-faces.Yet  
when I saw afar out in  
the sea a black condor  
descend from the sky to  
seek rest on a vast  
reef,I would fain have  
questioned him,&asked  
him of those whom I had  
known when they were  
alive.This I would have  
asked him had he not  
been so far away,but he  
was very far,&could not  
be seen at all when he  
drew nigh that gigantic  
reef.So I watched under  
that sinking moon,&saw  
gleaming the spires,the  
towers,&the roofs of  
that dead dripping city.  
And as I watched my

nostrils tried to close  
against the perfume  
conquering stench of the  
world's dead;for truly,in  
this unplaced&forgotten  
spot had all the flesh of  
the churchyards gathered  
for puffy sea-worms to  
gnaw&glut upon.Over  
these horrors the evil  
moon hung very low,but  
the puffy worms of the  
sea need no moon to  
feed by. And as I  
watched the ripples that  
told of the writhing of  
worms beneath, I felt a  
new chill from afar out  
whither the condor had  
flown,as if my flesh had  
caught a horror before  
my eyes had seen it.Nor  
had my flesh trembled  
without cause,for when I  
raised my eyes I saw  
that the waters had  
ebbed very low,shewing  
much of the vast reef  
whose rim I had seen  
before.And when I saw  
that the reef was but  
the black basalt crown of  
a shocking eikon whose  
monstrous forehead now  
shown in the dim  
moonlight&whose vile  
hooves must paw the hell  
-ish ooze miles below, I  
shrieked&shrieked lest the  
hidden face rise above  
the waters,lest the hidden  
eyes look at me after  
the slinking away of that  
learing&treacherous yellow  
moon.And to escape this  
relentless thing I plunged  
gladly into the stinking  
shallows where amidst  
weedy walls&sunken  
streets fat sea-worms  
feast upon the dead.